

ニュータイプ・ロマンス
創刊3周年記念!!
2号連続書き下ろし!

まるマシリーズ
SPECIAL STORY

Dear ユーリ
誕生日おめでとう。でもそれ以上に、
彼の一年間を共に楽しみ、誕生日を覚
えていてくださった皆様に感謝します。
From 喬林知

Dear ユーリ
ハッピーバースデーノ……と毎夏みん
なでユーリのお祝いができるのは嬉し
いですね。これからもどうぞよろしく。
From 松本テマリ

「悪」
「お祈りを
お望みですか?!」
前編

ユーリの誕生日、そしてロマンスの創刊3周年を
記念したスペシャル書き下ろし&ユーリへの
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喬林知

Kyou Kara Maou - Mini-Novel - Do You Want an Exorcism?

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Part 1

Do you want an exorcism? Part 1[[edit](#)]

Notes: Special story published only in Newtype Romance 2009 SUMMER edition. The story seems to take place at some point after novel 17.



Dear Yuuri:

Congratulations on your birthday. But more importantly, I want to thank everyone who spent this year together with him and remembered his birthday.

From Takabayashi Tomo

Dear Yuuri:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY! I'm glad that I can celebrate with everyone Yuuri's birthday in the summer. I hope we can continue to meet!

From Matsumoto Temari

Do you want an exorcism?

We have a special story to celebrate Yuuri's Birthday and Newtype Romance's 3rd year anniversary. We also received a special message for Yuuri!

Illustrations: Matsumoto Temari

Story: Takabayashi Tomo

When I used to hear stories about swords and magic, I usually thought about Europe and history books about the Middle Ages.

Castles, horses, knights, princesses, and armors polished to a shine.

That's right, for some reason there's this mental image of knights who gallantly dash off to protect a king or queen, wearing polished, shiny silver armors.

But silver armors exist even in Shin Makoku, the place where I work as the king. A great number of them are displayed in a row in the corridor of the castle, and when you are alone and walk by them in the middle of the night, you think sometimes they will move all of a sudden or that someone might be inside one of them.

Well, come to think of it, seeing them move is far more scary if they're empty than if someone's in them. But if I do see them walking around without anyone inside, I would warn people that it's Anissina's work.

In the first place, why are gilded armors lined up in the corridors? Well, they're not being used in combat so they're there for decorative purposes only.

When I say decorative armors, I mean they are objects coloring the tasteless inside of the castle.

"They're heavy and difficult to move in"

That's how Conrad and Josak quickly replied when I asked why such fine 'armors' were used as decorations.

"Actually, if they were worn when heading for the front, it would strain the horse, and the soldier would immediately be exhausted. And although it might protect you from arrows, wielding your sword is extremely difficult."

"Yeah, yeah. Besides it always rubbing one's important place"

"I-Important place? What's that?"

"Oh, my! Your majesty! A maiden like Gurie can't possibly say something so embarrassing."

"It rubs against your crotch."

"Cro....."

Rather than saying it rubs against your crotch, you'd be better off saying that the metal hits your crotch and the friction causes pain. Because they're heavy, they hurt and are difficult to move in, it doesn't pay to wear them, so the combat armors era was short lived in Shin Makoku. As a result of that, the era of leather chest protectors or the newly developed chainmail armors arrived long ago. Simultaneously, helmets bought for its molded beauty and radiance, as a work of art, started their new life after retirement. They're so nice.

However, why on earth is this shiny Western-style armor moving before Conrad's and my eyes?

"Co-Conrad.... do they have an automatic walking function?"

"Not as far as I know"

So is this haunted or is a suspicious person in it?

But in this bright morning with clear skies, there aren't any ghosts or trespassers in the castle, right? So, it's a MA powered device? It's Anissina-san's work!? The shiny armor glanced at me who was on guard, and continued to advance with great effort towards the stairs.

Hn? With great effort?

I regained my courage, approached it clumsily, and looked at the backside of the armor. There, wearing some strange fur gloves, was a young girl picking it up from both metal legs that were a lot bigger than my own.

It was my beloved Greta, my darling daughter, with whom I have a strong parent-child bond.

Even if I approach her wearing a jersey covered in sweat, she never says "How uncool!" or "You're stinky!". But no matter how much I hope for, how much I implore for her to stay just the way she is now, girls develop quickly.

And even if I implore with tears in my eyes, the day when she says I don't wanna sleep with father is coming.

It might be tomorrow, it might be in ten years.

"Okay, ten years would be worrisome.... No, I mean... Greta. G-R-E-T-A. Wait a second."

"Wha~at?"

Her reddish brown curls swung as the little girl turned back and suddenly, she frowned.

"..... Are you wearing that awful "JERSEY" again?"

She was frowning as she looked at us who were wearing our sweaty SPORTS outfits. This has never happened before. Has her rebellious phase arrived this early? Or has she started to like fashion and can't stand sports clothes?

"Conrad, it looks so tight (pichi-pichi)[\[1\]](#)"

"Really? Is there a problem with the SIZE?"

Greta seemed troubled by how tight the size of Lord Weller's T-shirt was. Cool people wouldn't be wearing jerseys or T-shirts of the wrong SIZE, and they're always wearing appropriate attires. Actually, my daughter has never cared about my clothes, no matter what I wore. The man in question, Conrad, had matched his clothes for the work he was doing so he simply smiled. As expected the self-confidence of some men is really something else.

"Greta, rather than worrying about us, what are those fur gloves?.... No, I mean, it's fine. After all they're one of Anissina-san's powerful tools, right?"

Otherwise a little girl with slender arms could never move something so heavy. And more importantly, where are you trying to take that armor you are holding?"

"Well, you see... outside."

Lately her hair has started to look more girlish, reaching her neck and shoulders. Her imposing eyebrows and bright eyes were looking straight at me. Her eyes were hiding no lies.

"A friend needs him."

"HUH!?"

After replying in a more mature way than I had expected, I was lost for words. What does she mean "him" ? She said 'him'. And for what purpose does this friend need an armor she called 'him' ?

"Ah, for dancing? As a PARTNER to practice dancing? In that case, since I can help you please give up such a cold man, it has a very stiff body."

"That's not it"

"Then what is it? Do you need it as a huggable pillow that helps both grown-ups and kids sleep? In that case, since I can help you please give up such a cold man, you'll catch a cold."

"That's also wrong."

"Ah, then..."

Suddenly I remembered the contents of a composition she recently wrote, the title was "My dreams for the future". While Wolfram and I read the composition she wrote with her friends at school, our tears of joy turned into tears of absolute horror.

That's because, as expected, Greta's dream wasn't to become a bride or a florist, but to become a poison lady or trap lady. Although she always said such things, putting them in writing, increases the danger of this becoming a reality. And Greta's will is strong. If she's not stopped, she has the passion to begin her training right away.

"Which means... although I can't believe it, is that, a trap?"

"A trap? No, it's not —"

The young girl, shrugging slightly with her round shoulders, raised her voice in a laugh that sounded like a bell ringing.

"This, well, it will become a container"

"In short, a really big and noisy water bottle? But it looks like it might leak."

"It's fine, I won't put water in it, maybe. But you know, it's for the father of my friend Nika"

Greta put the armor on the floor and brought her index finger to her chin. Although she looked cute, the fur gloves made her look like both the Beauty and the Beast all in one.

"Something has transferred (possessed him)"

"Come again?"

Transferred, you mean like when I go to the Seibu Dome and I have to change from Tokorozawa from the Seibu Ikebukuro line to Nishitokorozawa? No that's called 'transferring trains'[\[2\]](#).

"What do you mean by transferred?"

"Well you see, one day, Nika's dad, said something strange all of a sudden, he called the name of a person from a long long time ago, and started spraying a green, acidic liquid."

"Spraying!"

"Yes, spraying"

Greta looked a little excited, her cheeks blushing slightly.

"And then, when he became all slippery, all of a sudden he became hairy"

"Hairy!"

"Yes, completely covered in hair!"

Greta closed her eyes and shivered at what she was imagining.

"He looks just like a woolly crab. How neat!"

"You think that's enviable? Greta, are you envious of that?"

I replied with a pitiful voice. Perhaps her two fathers are far from her ideal father figure.

"But why did he change all of a sudden?"

"Maybe, he was possessed by the devil"

"The devil—!?"

Wait a moment, Greta! Even though you're the cutest little girl in the world, the truth is that your fathers are mazoku. Although roughly speaking other creatures like the kohi and the kotsugyo are also mazoku even though they don't have a human shape.

In short, this means that there mazokus of countless different shapes who live in Shin Makoku in this world. But if you ask me about 'the devil'....

"I've never heard about the devil being in Shin Makoku. Right, Conrad?"

"That's right"

Said my TRAINING PARTNER with a somewhat wondering look on his face, as his bangs absorbed the sweat dripping from his forehead.

"Concepts like god and the devil aren't deeply rooted here."

"Eh, but—"

At any rate the devil is a made up enemy of people who believe in god. It's a religious LAST BOSS. But although in this country they're not used to having faith in god, and they also don't believe in the devil, Greta puffed her cheeks like a squirrel.

Actually this is the first time I see a human being puff their cheeks when they're angry, but no matter their facial expression, a cute kid will always look cute.

"But it's written here—. It's a story about the devil taking over a tired body, and then it gets expelled."

Greta lifted the helmet part of the armor that was lying on the floor, and took out a thick book from inside it.

It was a deluxe edition bound in leather. It looked like it had never been read,

and was as good as new. The title was engraved in silver letters "The Exorcist".

"What? Why is The Exorcist in Shin Makoku?"

As I turned the pages of the book she handed me, I was trying as hard as I could to decipher what was written in the characters of this country.

A strange symbol had an effect on the person possessed by the devil. The symbol were two short, superimposed, straight lines, which when pressed against the possessed person caused severe burns, which in the worst case scenario, caused the death of the hosted victims.

Such symbol is usually called an "X".

"X?"

Then, how useful is "y"? I had never heard that the alphabet used in maths was an effective way of fighting the devil. However "X" and x are different. But a story where an X pressed against the host can caused their death, I've never heard such a dangerous..... the X (ex) press (osu) against them causes death (shisuto).... EXORCIST.....[\[3\]](#)

No way.

A predictable name was engraved on the cover of the book. However her name was not listen as the author. 'Written down by ▪ Lady von Karbelnikoff "Good Listener" Anissina' ; ' Narrated by Lord Weller Conrad. '

"..... Conrad"

When I noticed the pun in the title I had a vague hunch about it. Meanwhile Conrad was awkwardly scratching the back of his head with a "Ah, it's that thing" expression on his face.

"You went and wrote a book with Anissina-san..... in other words, you talked to her about a movie that you had seen on Earth."

"No, it wasn't a movie. By chance I had an opportunity to witness an exorcism."

"What kind of life did you lead while on Earth?"

Which means that what is effective against the devil isn't an X but a cross (†).

"But, but! What's happening to Nika's father is exactly like what's in this book about the devil possessing people. Calling the name of people who lived long ago, swearing at everyone he sees, breaking dishes, spraying disgusting and smelly liquids. It's a situation that's out of control."

"So he's indeed spraying!"

"Yeah, indeed he is spraying!"

"The devil's in the details, he's even spraying, huh?... Eh?"

When Greta and I stared at him, Conrad looked puzzled which is unusual for him. It seems it wasn't a pun^[4].

"But Greta, how are an armor and an exorcism connected?"

"Well, you see! Because you see! it's something to put the soul in. Wasn't Günter's soul captured and put inside a doll before?"

Captured. Usually people don't use that word, but she's gotten used to the way Poison Ladies ▪ Trap Ladies talk.

(Greta) "And so Greta and the rest were planning to drive the devil that possessed Nika's father out of his body and then capture it. We plan to capture the devil!"

Average 10 year old girls do not make plans like this. But what was troubling me, was how her eyes were twinkling in excitement.

"But Nika's father is an old man, so if instead of the devil, what comes out is the old man's soul, then we can't put him in a cute OKIKU doll, riiight? That's why I picked the larger and more robust, Silver Shiny-kun from the hallway."

"Could it be that he's even older than Günter? No, wait that doesn't matter. Greta, this is wrong."

I held my waist with both hands, making sure that I was perceived as proper grown up. When you're about to preach, your appearance is important.

"You're talking about capturing the devil? But that's not something that children should do, right?"

"Eeeehhh—!? W—h—y!? I mean, look, Anissina fought a bear and won, right?"

So Greta will fight the devil and win."

"But at the time, Anissina couldn't have been a child, right?"

"If I remember correctly, the first time she fought a bear, was before she became an adul...."

"Conrad !"

I was able to stop him in time. His 'help' was about to have had an adverse effect in the education of my daughter.

"Just leave this in your father's hands. At any rate, Greta, exorcisms and capturing the devil is not something that a girl that's a little over 10 years old should be playing with."

"I'm not playing—! Greta is serious—!"

"That's even worse. Listen, Greta. In the first place, Nika's Father's possession wasn't caused by the devil or anything of the sort. In Shin Makoku there are no devils. So it's probably something completely different to begin with. And look, being the opponent of the devil is already something very dangerous, but being the opponent of an unknown being is even more dangerous, don't you think?"

"But—"

Greta lowered her head and then looked up at me with her head still hanging down. She put both of her small, slender arms behind her back and lowered her right shoulder slightly.

"Then, how will you get to Nika's house?"

"Ugh"

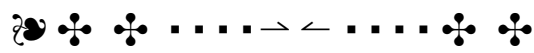
Hitting me where it hurts, exploiting the cute way she was standing, my words got stuck in my throat. But my voice soon returned.

"I, in other words! We can't leave this to an amateur, because it would be dangerous! When such problems arise, the most important thing is to leave it to the PROFESSIONALS. First, contact the experts, you know?"

"Are there experts in exorcism, in Shin Makoku?"

"Uuuugh"

There's no way that there will be professional EXORCISTS in a place where the devil doesn't exist.



Greta's friend's, Nika's, house was very close to the castle, in an neighborhood where a lot of soldiers, who are married with kids, live.

Having said that, this wasn't a military family. The father's job was to construct barracks and schools, what is commonly known as a mason, who's involved in repairs.

Because of that, in a neighborhood with houses that looked very much alike, Nika's house stood out. While the materials used didn't strike as being different from those used in houses surrounding it, parts of the walls were decorated and the window facing south was bigger than they usually are, so you could see the dedication the owner had put into it.

What looked particularly convenient was a SPACE that looked like a GARAGE, that was next to the house. In it, you could see stacked stones in every direction, so it was probably the owner's working area.

"Nika!"

When Greta saw her friend in the middle of the green, plant covered front yard, she waved her hand making a big semi-circle.

The girl who was squatting, stood up when she heard her name being called. I felt so discouraged I stumbled a little. People are always nervous when meeting their daughter's friends for the first time. But what was discouraging me this time, wasn't that the other party might think that I wasn't a wonderful PAPA.

It was that I was being overwhelmed by Nika's appearance.

The girl, who was a little older than Greta, had bright yellow hair, similar to the color of gold, and flaunted a drastic hairstyle that reminded me of a hedgehog, with spikes that rose towards the sky, with colorful beads attached here and

there. She was wearing shorts that went down to her knees and a T-shirt so short that would let her belly button exposed. This was an unthinkable FASHION SENSE for an elementary school student. Furthermore.

"A na.... navel pierc...?"

Right next to the belly button, a navel piercing with a shiny red stone attached to it would appear and disappear depending on the angle. Ouch.

It has to be a sticker, yeah, I'm sure it must be that. Even so, if she were to attend school looking like this, the principal would certainly request a PTA meeting to discuss it.

"Greta"

Nika called my child's name and trotted towards us.

She had big eyes and cute facial features, but because of the way her eyebrows were drawn, as if they were raised, she looked like she had a tough character. If she would have had a star on her cheek, she would have looked just like the child's version of a band from a long time ago^[5].

"Recently, elementary school students have started wearing make up, huh..."

"They're starting younger and younger, ne"

Showing understanding to my timid remarks, Conrad smiled. Certainly girls who are growing up must think "Oh, that's nice, huh!".

Even so, I, as the youngest child of the Shibuyas, got the whole "you can't play with him" thing when I was a kid. So I did not feel like assuming a child's personality by their clothes and their appearance.

By the way, the reason why some parents disliked me was "Because he instructed my baby-boy to hit (with) a BALL". What's wrong with that if you get the proper SIGN to throw^[6]?

"Nika, this is Greta's father, and father's subordinates"

There was a reason behind the unusual introduction.

Whenever Greta plays outside the castle, there is of course, a bodyguard with her at all times. Besides there's that. Even though according to Shin Makoku's

laws I'm an adult, when I walk on the streets, there's always someone with me.

Because the PRINCESS'S BODYGUARD, is as excellent as the SECRET SERVICE, they are never recognized. Sometimes they're standing in the shade of a tree by the road, sometimes they're in a carriage, with a bean filled and milk sandwich PACK, watching over the person.

In other words, thanks to the excellent service, not even Nika knows Greta's true identity. At this point, it seems she simply imagined she was the daughter of some rich guy. And because of this, she had to explain Conrad's position and his position in regards to me.

Children shouldn't tell lies, but in this case, the fact that I was her father and he was my subordinate was true, so it's okay. I too had taken measures not to be recognized as the maou, putting on a hat and brown sunglasses.

At any rate, Nika, without looking at me, opened her mouth and said:

"Wah~, subordinate, you look so pichi-pichi^[7]!"

If there's an expert of Shin Makoku's fashion industry, then by all means let me know! Being called pichi-pichi by young girls is a disgrace.

"If it's necessary, I can change my clothes, so don't worry"

Conrad without sounding like he felt bad at all, lifted his hand and waved. We didn't need them today, because we only came to see what the situation was, but for a real exorcism, we're going to have to get priest-like clothes from Lord von Christ's wardrobe.

Because looks are important. In a game, UNIFORMS come first.

"He might be pichi-pichi, but Conrad is strong, so it's okay"

"If you say so I'll believe you but you know...."

The friend who was slightly older clicked her tongue and said :

"Maybe your subordinates will get injured cuz m' fatha is a violent person, ne^[8]"

Ma'? fatha? She sounds like a first batter who hit a home-run, while eating. I don't know what criteria Greta uses to pick her friends.

"So, where is he? Your liquid spraying father?"

"In his workshop. Imma not gonna go, cuz I don't wanna see that piece of shit of a fatha's face"

"Nika, don't say that!"

Greta raised her voice, while her friend looked away.

"You mustn't speak about your father like that! Your father isn't a piece of shit, I mean, even if he can't come here, he's doing his work, right? You have to be kind to your family, right?"

"But now he speaks like a piece of shit, and vomits around like a piece of shit, and kicks the walls like a piece of shit"

What was that!? This is a dialogue that TV viewers wouldn't be allowed to hear. If it was broadcasted on Japanese TV, it would be bleeped all over.

Greta, I can't be very happy knowing that you play with a girl like this; I think I'm getting a headache. However Greta was really calm about it. This might be... the Anissina/Gisela effect... maybe.

"Nika, uhm, well.... vomit and excrement are different things."

"Eh?"

"Even if your father is spraying liquids, that must be because Nika's father is sick. I'm sure, I'm sure that Nika's father being possessed by the devil is making him sick. Nika's dad is not a bad man, so please don't speak about him like that"

She squeezed her friend's arms tightly and leaned forward saying:

"Please don't cry"

All of a sudden, Conrad spoke up again and smiled with a surprised face.

"Even though she was defending the father of a different household, Greta was speaking in such a tone"

"But, you know"

"If she had been speaking of you, she would have certainly praised you even more"

"But I don't do my work properly, you know..."

"You do"

"You think so?"

I think that someone as inexperienced as me can't possibly do the job of the maou correctly, so I found it strange for him to say something like that. But in order not to lower her perception of me even further, I had to fulfill the promise I made to Greta. I have to go and verify that Nika's father hasn't been possessed by the devil .

The interested party, Nika, after being persuaded by Greta was behaving much better.

"But it's fine if you don't want to go. You said he was vomiting, like an old drunk man. As his daughter it's understandable that you wouldn't want to see your father with a hangover"

"..... Hnn"

The blonde with the PUNK hair and BEADS looked away. This person is going through her rebellious phase, it's the rebellious phase without a doubt. During this time is when they start to ride stolen bicycles.

Conrad, who took the DAMAGE in my place, showed a wry smile and continued. This is the enviable feat that someone in their 100s can afford to have.

"Please wait outside, okay?"

(Greta) "Eh!? Greta is coming too!"

"If I find out it's not dangerous, I'll call you. Wait with Yuuri in the garden"

"Me too!?"

He put his index finger to his lips so that I wouldn't say anything else and

"First, it's necessary to do reconnaissance work, besides"

"Besides?"

"Those stones from the mountains that he uses might have houryoku in them"

Saying so, he went with the other soldiers into the place I called a GARAGE. Oh, certainly, houseki would affect people with strong maryoku, making them unstable.

But thanks to the sturdy body that I got from my parents, I don't get affected in places with houseki or even in human territories. At worse, I'd feel a little bit of discomfort similar to when you've just caught a cold. But a bodyguard must be careful even if the effect would only be that.

Leaving the door that was opened opened, they went into the GARAGE and while looking at their backs, I thought blankly:

They both have good points.

Humans and mazokus, they both have good points.

When it comes to longevity, you have the mazokus. That's because of the healing hands of members of one tribe and also the different healing techniques that allow them to live a life without problems. Because those techniques were introduced, and after many generations, apparently it extended their lives. I say "apparently" because I've only heard superficially about it from Anissina-san^[9].

But just because they live for a long time, it doesn't mean that their hearts and bodies are robust as well. If a terrible injury or a serious illness threatens their lives, there are many instances in which even the healing hands of members of that one tribe can't heal them. Gisela said once in a sad tone, that, in fact, when it comes to a fatal injury, maryoku can do nothing about it.

On the other hand, they start feeling sick when it comes to lands full of houryoku, so possessing maryoku has its weak points. And although I'm not sure whether to call it a weak point or not, from the point of view of an extremely healthy baseball boy like me, they seem to be delicate in a lot of aspects. If a mazoku expedition doesn't carefully pick the place, bad things can happen, like getting sick from houryoku or seasick.

They're the type who can't demonstrate their real powers when they're visiting other places.

Furthermore, according to what I've heard, mazoku's physical growth seems to be extremely slow. And even though at the age of sixteen they're considered

adults, I've heard that in human terms many of them are still like children who attend elementary school at that age. And because of this slow growth I mentioned before, it takes an immense amount of years for them to look like a 20 year old human. In fact, Wolfram, who appears to be as old as I am, is actually 82 years old.

It seems that the price to pay for their longevity is slow physical growth.

".... and because of that, it was difficult to maintain and increase the military forces"

"Yuuri?"

"What?"

I noticed that she was holding my fingers. Greta was looking up at me with unease.

"Yuuri, what happened?"

"Eh, eh, eh... what happened with what?"

"You just made a really scary face"

"Scary face? No, it's nothing. I was just thinking..."

As I was trying to reply, I couldn't remember what I was just thinking about. Although I remember it word-by-word, it felt like it was something that I had heard from behind a wall, and I couldn't understand the main idea.

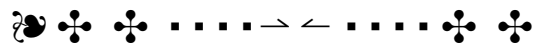
I wonder if there's something wrong with me.

But I didn't tell my inner feelings to the anxious little girls. I squeezed back the little fingers that were holding me.

"Sorry Greta. It wasn't a scary face, it was just a serious face. Because if there really is a devil in Shin Makoku it would be very bad. And if that's not the case, then we still have to return Nika's father to being the happy carpenter he used to be. And I was seriously thinking about how we could heal him"

"So that's what it was"

I'm sorry for lying to you. Although, I myself don't even know whether it was a lie or not.



The soldier that was left behind and I, as well as Greta, sighed when Conrad and the rest disappeared.

Nika, Greta's friend, was standing by her side, she was simply looking down at the floor, standing in a way that wasn't very feminine. Her face, looking like she was trying to find the solution to the problem in the dried up soil.

That's when from far away I could hear the roaring of an ENGINE.

Rather than a boom and gouuun sound it was an artificial-like sound, that was coming from the sky ... no, it wasn't. It wasn't that high.... in fact it was coming from a height around where our knees were.

"Is that thing, flying?"

It wasn't a plane nor a bird. It was a mysterious human shaped object, that appeared to be floating about 10 centimeters from the floor rather than the sky. Furthermore the speed was more similar to a jogging speed than anything.

From Ultraman to Superman, all the way to human bullets, everywhere and throughout the ages, the POSE of a flying person has always been more or less the same. Keeping its back straight, and flying parallel to the floor, putting their arms in front them, even if that didn't make much of a difference. And riding on the back of the person flying at knee height, was Anissina-san riding it boldly.

"How are you, Majesty?"

Or rather, she was the one in a horrible flying machine^[10].

"What I mean is, at that height, and at that speed, wouldn't it be better to just walk?"

"For people, there is meaning behind carrying things. And this recently developed ma powered flying transportation android^[11] is called cha cha cha cha chaan, "Unpanman Kai"^[12].

Unpanman Kai she said.

Just like the song goes, everyone's tastes are different when it comes to NAMING. In my case, I'm really glad that my name means something good in life^[13]. On my birthday, I have to thank my mother and the nadzukeoya that she had only just met for that.

Although if the kanjis wouldn't have been so connected to banking, I could have the name of a hotblooded hero in a baseball movie. Well, if it wasn't for the ADVANTAGEOUS Shibuya, DISADVANTAGEOUS Harajuku thing, it's not really that bad.

However there was a bigger problem with 'Unpanman Kai', which Anissina-san was riding, besides his name. It had no neck, or rather it didn't have a head either!

"Why did you make another terrifying human shaped item....?"

"Human?"

Anissina-san jumped off the suspicious android's back and put her hands on her waist proudly.

"Although I've always suspected this, it seems that you Majesty is indeed someone who has no-no noodles"

No-no noodles? What kind of slang is that?

"You went too far, Anissina! Don't call Yuuri stupid!"

That's when I saw Wolfram, covered in sweat, a few meters behind, chasing her. In his hands, a gray box, with a two tiny levers. Could it be some sort of controller? And more likely than not, Unpanman Kai is running on Wolfram's maryoku. Yeah, it must be that.

Poor thing was breathless due to the overuse of his maryoku, when he started criticizing Anissina.

"D, don't, call, Yuuri, stupid!"

"Eh? Was I called stupid just now?"

"No, how could I had called him stupid! I have made no attempts to say that. I

just said that he has no-no noodles"[\[14\]](#).

"Ehh? But I have the feeling that you usually call me much worse than stupid"

"But your Majesty, it's just that you have a weird way of saying things. Do you think that someone like me would purposely make a human to assist me? A human being! If a male and a female were together like this, babies would be born in the blink of an eye. I don't need anyone doing the work for me at all."

Is she completely disregarding romantic feelings?

"It's better to do something that no one can do, rather than something that anyone can do. That's the way a Poison Lady lives. And that is why I produced the 'ma powered flying transport android', Unpanman • Kai, that only I can make."

"Only the sunset in the fall is my friend"

Unpanman... even you must get lonely. It was too sad to ask him if he felt lonely during spring and summer.

"But why doesn't it have a head?"

"So that it can feel, rather than think"

"Unpanman, you're so cool!"

Crap. Greta is mesmerized by it. I can't understand how she can love an android that doesn't have a neck or head. Is this what people call generational GAP? I feel a little sad.

"But putting that aside, why are you two here?"

"To, sa, ve , you, isn't, that, ob, vious!?"

Apparently I asked something insensitive, because he twisted my cheeks with all his might.

"Youuuuuuu left, and you went to do an exorcism, not telling anyone...."

"Not letting even one of your disciples know your whereabouts, is definitely something that a poison lady would never do."

And perhaps after that I was tailed by the New Ma Powered Parent-Child

Tracking Device, ' My nose is Kikuzo-kun'[\[15\]](#) and maybe even also Kikuo-kun. In the case of a traffic accident, the first one is much better.

"Say, say, Anissina! Does the devil exist in Shin Makoku?"

"Devil? I wouldn't allow such a creature to exist, but having said, the devil is no oponent for a poison lady. And this is what I came to prove here today in a hurry. Whooooup op!"

With a shout from another era, she unloaded the wrapped cargo off Unpanman Kai.

Nika, who had been uninterested till that point, stared with even more admiration than Greta the amusing GOODS.

"For an exorcism, I brought some ma powered goods that may come in handy. First is this, holy water to repel the devil"

It was strangely muddy. Are you sure you didn't just pick up some water from a nearby pond?

"Then there's the garlic, the pointy stakes, the silver PAKOCHIN balls[\[16\]](#), salt from a graveyard and an X"

"There's something wrong, I think there's something wrong here, Anissina-san!"

"And then there's a whip, another whip, candy, whip[\[17\]](#)"

"Uh.... I wonder if it'll work. I wonder if the candy and whip (the carrot and stick) works on the devil"

When I held one of the golden whips, it split into ten smaller whips. And with this it seems that I had wasted an attack. Because I was thinking about that, I almost jumped the moment I heard a man screaming from the GARAGE"

"What happened Conrad!?"

The scream wasn't Lord Weller's, but the uneasiness of the situation made me call his name. Actually, I wanted to run to the GARAGE to make sure everything was all right, but since he had gone to check the place beforehand, I couldn't simply go there without permission. And I couldn't send Wolfram in there either.

I kneeled on the floor and put my right arm around Greta. With my left hand I held onto Nika's wrist tightly. Poor girl, due to fear and stress her hand had become icy-cold. Even if she looked strange, on the inside, she was just an elementary school girl.

I could see then, the shape of the young subordinates first, followed by Lord Weller coming out of the GARAGE. They didn't seem to be injured. But the young ones were still crying, their faces looking terrified.

But it was no surprise that those would be their expressions, for they were dripping from head to toes. Conrad too looked at me, holding his own clothes.

"... he sprayed"

His chest was wet, covered with green puke.

It seems he had sprayed indeed.

"Oh ?"

While everyone was frowning, feeling sick and miserable, Anissina's eyebrows rose. What does she find so odd? When she does that gesture is because she found something interesting. Poison Lady's greatest fan, Greta, also noticed the change in behavior in her mentor.

"Anissina, what happened!?"

"It seems we'll need the whip and candy after all, this is..."

When Nika's father appeared, looking exactly like a woolly crab, there wasn't anyone who didn't say "Oh! A Bear!?"

But rather than a bear, it was a werewolf.

It never crossed my mind to make a dad-joke.

(to be continued)

References[\[edit\]](#)

1. [↑](#) She uses the onomatopoeia pichi-pichi. In this case it's "too tight", but the meaning of pichi-pichi depends on the context. It can mean "splashing" , "young/youthful", among others.
2. [↑](#) He uses another word with a very similar meaning, in English they both have the same translation.
3. [↑](#) 'Pressing the X against someone causing their death' spells 'EXORCIST'
4. [↑](#) In Japanese Conrad says a phrase that can be understood as either: "What's happening is the same, even in the detail of vomiting" or "He's even getting rid of the devil", but it seems he didn't the pun.
5. [↑](#) Jem and the Holograms?
6. [↑](#) Yuuri must have been telling other kids that they had to "hit the ball" during baseball, and some kids must have understood, hit WITH the ball; so parents thought that Yuuri was telling kids to go around hitting people in the head with balls.
7. [↑](#) I will use pichi-pichi from now on. In the latest stories the author has been using it a lot, especially in connection to Conrad. Meanings: young, tight, splashing
8. [↑](#) This girl is as rude as the girl from the bearbee special, and speaks like a delinquent.
9. [↑](#) And Günter in novel 1.
10. [↑](#) The author has probably waited her whole life to make this joke. A very polite, high-social status, lady-like way of saying "how are you doing?" Is "gokigenyo" 御機嫌よ。 (Anissina-san and Takabayashi-sensei, in the afterwords, both use it). But the kanjis that compose that phrase mean "machine" and "disliked/hated".
11. [↑](#) I'm using android, because humanoid sounds too much like "human being".
12. [↑](#) There are two puns in the name. 1) Anpanman turned into Unpanman, unpan meaning transport, and then "kai", revised, as in Dragon Ball Kai, which had only recently started to be broadcasted when this story was published. The name literally means "revised transportation man".
13. [↑](#) It means advantageous.

14. [↑](#) She's saying: "おてんてんがナイナイ" otenten (脳天頭) ga nai-nai. Pretty much "you have no brains"
15. [↑](#) Kikuzo is an actual toy robot: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aZXez0P5ntg> ; Kikuou is wordplay that combines the words "smelling and following". I don't know what Yuuri is referring to later on about traffic accidents.
16. [↑](#) She means pachinko :<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pachinko>
17. [↑](#) carrot and sticks in English

Part 2

Do you want an exorcism? Part 2[[edit](#)]

By Takabayashi Tomo
Published on Newtype Romance Autumn 2009



Cover:

Something has possessed the father of Greta's friend!? Maou Yuuri and company are ready to take on the big operation of starting an exorcism but... Publication of a newly written short-story!!!

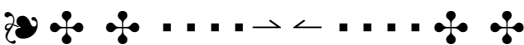
A summary of the first part:

◆ I, Shibuya Yuuri, am Shin Makoku's 27th maou. If you wonder: Why did a high school student become the king of a country in another world? Or this anime "Kyou Kara Maou!" what is that about? Then you should start reading Kadokawa Beans Bunko "Kyou kara ma no tsuku jiyuugyou!" or the original "maruma series" (publicity), but for now this new story is about Greta and her words "I have to save Nika's father!"

◆ Nika (who strikes me as a PUNK ROCKER elementary school student) is Greta's friend, and her family lives in a neighborhood right outside the castle. The father with the problem is a mason that designs and repairs schools and barracks. He was a very calm man, but suddenly he became very hairy, mumbling incomprehensible words, and started puking some green liquid. Eh.....? Could he be possessed by the devil? Then we have to call an EXORCIST! But in the first place, does the devil exist in this world? (and if he does how is he different from the mazoku (demon tribe))

◆ And while talking about this and that, Nika's father finally appeared! And it wasn't the "devil" nor "Ah, a bear?". When I saw him, he had the appearance of a "werewolf"!?

..... Uhm. How do we turn him back? What should I do?



Main characters in this story

Yuuri [Shibuya Yuuri]

He is this story's protagonist... or he should be, but up he hasn't done anything remarkable yet. He's currently a high school student, who is the Maou in another world. He's the TYPE of person who easily gets carried away, both physically and

mentally.

Wolfram [Lord von Bielefeld Wolfram]
He's Yuuri's fiancé and Conrad's younger brother. He usually gets into trouble for the sake of his future companion and daughter. He's very good looking, but he's a tsundere. ... What will his role be in this story?

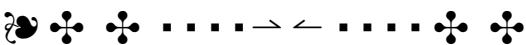
Conrad [Lord Weller Conrad]
He's Yuuri's nadzukeoya and bodyguard. He is quite a serious person, but lately, he's been polishing his role as "boke" (dumb comic). Without paying attention to the difference in their heights, he puts on a jersey matching the one his godson wears. It's very tight (pichi-pichi).

Greta
Princess of the abandoned country of Zorashia. After that a lot of things happened and even though she's human, she became Maou Yuuri's adopted daughter. With her cute behavior, she enchants everyone around her, a devilish little girl.

Anissina
She appeared along with a MA powered flying transportation android called "Unpanman Kai", and other suspicious tools and is the evilest female inventor in the history of Shin Makoku. Very arrogant.

Nika
Greta's friend who's slightly older than her. A blonde girl going through her rebellious phase with hair like a hedgehog. By the way, she doesn't know Greta's true identity.

Nika's Father
Although he was a skilled mason, one day he was suddenly possessed by something (the devil?) , his personality changed, and he started growing hair. Up till now his name has not come up.



It's not like every housewife is busy and working on weekdays during the afternoon.

The ones who like drama, sip tea after their meal, watching a daytime soap opera; the ones who like GOSSIPS eat crackers while watching variety shows; and the ones who like nostalgic movies sip on a Diet Coke and watch 'Rodeshow', A.K.A. "Afternoon RO-".

My mother who has liked the same actor for ages, was an 'Afternoon RO' type during lunchtime hours. But that's only because on weekdays, there are no daytime game shows, you know?

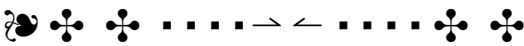
Thanks to that I, who don't like movies that much, would end up watching old movies while having lunch when I was at home during summer vacations or exam breaks.

Although they usually air B-class movies, and they are usually horror, action, and sports movies, rather than full-fledged romantic ones; while watching them with a parent, I could even calmly watch 'blonde girl LOVE SCENES', that usually high school student's aren't allowed to watch.

There was a vast variety of movies, especially horror movies, that went from classic cult movies to movies that were released 10 years ago and were never screened in movie theaters.

And that's why a baseball brat like me, who never goes on dates to the movie theater, and who only rents DVDs about sports technique, knew about this.

Look at that Greta. That is not the devil. That body covered in hair, those long fangs, those point ears. In movies, they appear when there's a full moon on the setting. This person is, no matter how you look at him, a werewolf.



When Conrad and the soldiers who followed him came out wobbling from the GARAGE, a person looking like a woolly crab, just as Greta had described,

appeared.

Indeed, rather than the devil, what came out was a werewolf.... well actually since I hadn't checked for the nails and tail, I couldn't be sure.

What was I thinking? The mental picture of the devil looks more like a goat than a wolf.

"But that person is a mazoku (demon tribe), right?"

"I mean, it's Nika's dad"

"I thought so"

That fact wasn't surprising. After all in Shin Makoku, there are different tribes with different appearances all jumbled up. And because of that rich VARIETY in the configuration, mazoku is more an ethnicity than a race^[1].

You have from kotsuhizoku, kotsuchizoku, and bone fish who are living creatures, even though they are just bones, to the seasonal migrating tribe of half-humanoid, half-fish mermaid princesses. As for the humanoid ones, there are regular looking ones like me or Conrad, but there are also some who are super beautiful like Günter or Wolfram..... as for the last one, this is just a little bit of my own personal bias, but it makes no difference if he's beautiful or not.

"But that man, what is he to us right now!? Friend, foe, or yesterday's enemy that is today's friend?"

"I don't really think that he's a friend, but it's okay, because it's not like he's going to attac.... oops!"

"Watch out Conrad!"

The werewolf that was spacing out, suddenly attacked Lord Weller. Before I, who was hugging Greta and Nika, could do anything, Wolfram ran towards them and swatted away the hand that was heading towards him.

"It's okay, he's just drunk"

It turns out he wasn't trying to attack anyone. He was trying to put his hand on the closest person to him to avoid falling on the floor dramatically. The werewolf was so drunk he couldn't stand on his own. He also didn't notice his own vomit

still hanging from his chin.

"That's why I told you...."

Nika's shoulder was slightly trembling under my palm.

"Nika...."

"He just drinks all day"

She sounded angry, but on her face, which she was turning away from everyone, there was an expression of pain. And that's because there isn't a child who would be happy to see the shameful sight of a drunken father. And this is an age when little girls are very impressionable. It's an obvious shock for her to see her father in such a bad shape.

Nika muttered mortified:

"Tha thing ain't my fatha"

"That's an exaggeration, don't you think? He's just letting loose a little"

"You're wrong. It's not just that! I mean, my fatha..."

The girl held her tongue and bit her lips in frustration.

At any rate, we had to take care of Nika's dad first, and if we didn't hear the circumstances, we couldn't start. What had happened to him? I was hoping we could get some insight.

"Conrad, for the time being, take the father..."

"Ohh? And where is he going to take him? Huh, Greta's father?"

Finally, the day has come when they stopped addressing me by my name and started referring to me as her PAPA.

But that is one's fate during PTA meetings. It is something that has to be endured during the compulsory education period.

Anissina-san's whip made a sound, as she showed her fearless Poison Lady smile.

"Information provided by drunk men is useless, much like he is right now with this wobbly walk. He can't even stand on his own!"

As she said that she smacked the whip on the floor. Both girls jumped, hearing the loud sound.

"All right. Stand up, you werewolf! And walk with your own two feet! Otherwise you'll hear this Poison Lady's whip sing. Its name is " Squkk Whip • Torture Queendom" and of course, it tames you when it hits you. Enough, enough, enough. Come here, come here, come here. Be a good boy, be a good boy."

"No way, does poison affect you when you get hit by it... ? Or rather, stop that dangerous whiplash Anissina-san. This is not even animal cruelty, it's pure and simple bodily harm"

"Make no mistake your ma..., Greta's PAPA. There is absolutely no cruelty here. This is the way a Poison Lady disciplines animals. Strong, adult animals need a more intense training. Don't lions kick their cubs off the cliff and watch the ones that withstand the test climb back up, while drinking delicious wine?"

N.... no.

"Impressed by this story, I decided to make my own ARRANGEMENTS and created this universal animal tamer 'Squkk Whip • Torture Queendom'. As someone who likes lions, his majesty will certainly be proud and support this invention."

"Yeah, as expected LION's even have cool child-rearing techniques... nooo! Wait, wait, wait! You're being cruel, this is not discipline! I'm telling you, you have jumped from animal cruelty to bodily harm. This is bad, and in front of the children...."

I looked back quickly. I didn't want Greta or her friend to see this kind of violence.

Since we're talking about Greta who is clever, she wouldn't imitate the unbelievable works of her teacher, but I didn't even want her to look at this kind of teaching.

I would use whatever I could to prevent her from seeing this beautiful strict warrior (bijukujo senshi) person. It was so bad that I wanted to cover both her eyes with my hands.

Meanwhile, Anissina's whip kept cutting the air, hitting the dry ground with loud sounds.

"Wai, wait... Conrad, just please take the father back inside the house"

"In order to help him -phuun-, please stop -bshuun-, Lord Weller. A drunk werewolf -hishuun- , should be walking on his own -bishuuu-"

Fortunately, Conrad prioritized my words and didn't give in to Anissina's threats.

He carried the drunk man that had lost his sense of self, Nika's father, with the help of the other young soldiers. People who are not afraid of Poison Lady are precious human resources.

But the problem wasn't the candy and whip (carrot and stick).

Because we were being loud, the neighbors began to wonder what the problem was.

First they started peeking behind the curtains, then some started to come out of their homes, they approached and it started to get packed.

A significant number of onlookers had gathered.

"This is bad, now we've turned a domestic dispute into a neighborhood TROUBLE"

"Neighborhood Tiger-Soldier-Dragon?" (toraburyuu)

Uh... Greta, I wonder if you mix up 'ador' with 'road'[\[2\]](#).

"No, it's not that. I mean, the residents of this area have noticed the incident, because we made a lot of noise in front of the house."

"Is it it a problem that they've noticed it?"

"They might be a little surprised"

I purposely picked nice words to say it, because Nika was there.

"Since we were making a lot of noise, well, the neighbors might have been a little surprised. That's what people do, if they're acquaintances they might be worried about the situation. We know that Nika's father isn't possessed by the devil, but other people may not have that information and.... ah! Look, there's a

neighbor hanging something on the front door"

It was garlic. I was wondering what that gyoza (Japanese dumpling) smell was.

"What is that? Is it supposed to be a talisman against evil spirits? The neighbor is in such panic that he's hung something above the door? Over there, there's an onion, and over there there's burdock..... Hey hey, they're just hanging anything!"

Even so, where did they find out about garlic?

I wanted to tell everyone that he was a werewolf, so it wouldn't work on him; of course it wouldn't have an effect on the devil either. But even if I wanted to ask, 'it seems that this grandma-knowledge of root vegetables being used as amulets exists even in Shin Makoku?' , Wolfram looked like he didn't understand what was happening either, and stared in admiration at the traditions of each household.

"There really is a large variety, isn't there? However some of these, rather than repelling this so called devil, seem to be amulets to call him here. Chicken legs, strange hair balls, chestnuts, salmon, a beehive full of honey"

"..... That's more likely to attract a bear than the devil, though"

At any rate the 'chain of crisis avoidance wishes' was amazing. While talking about this and that the amulets hanging from the houses's doors kept increasing and quickly you could see a defensive line that went from one end of the street to the other.

Are they affraid of a demonic possession? Actually, since they don't know what the devil is, they're probably surprised by the change in Nika's father and are afraid.

Even though we're here for Nika's father's sake, it seems that for the sake of the whole neighborhood we need to clear up this misunderstanding.

If you live in a place for a long time, the neighborhood association is very important. That's why you mustn't persistently invite baseball brats from nearby houses home. Mother always said so.

"We have to let everyone in the neighborhood know"

In order for my voice to carry as far away as possible, I put my hands on both sides of my face.

"Ah, ah, ah, mic test, mic test "

Wolfram quickly gave me something that resembled a MEGAPHONE. It seemed useful, but it was made of metal and heavy.

"The 'armor' forces are here "

I see, I just thought of a new use for it.

"Uh.... let me explain this to everyone here. Today we have some business to do here.... in this mason's house, the owner of this mason shop is.... a little drunk and being noisy...."

"But the mason is completely different from what he usually is when drunk."

Was she in the middle of doing the dishes? The housewife was wiping her hands with a pink cloth, when she asked me fearfully:

"I'm saying this because he used to get sleepy just by smelling it. Besides, his carpenter friends and acquaintances said he hasn't been drinking."

"If something bad happens, grown ups drink alcohol. Everyone here's the same, right?"

"But people also quickly fall asleep if they're drunk. So why is that drunk over there making so much noise, I wonder?"

"Well, there's that. I have discovered this myself, if you drink alcohol very quickly for example, you become very strong. Right?"

Please don't ask me about the chemical reaction of alcohol and how quickly enzymes degrade.

"If you drink beyond your limit, then you'll get sleepy because your eyes will feel dull"

The reliable follow up of an 82 year old.

However at that point, an older woman who looked like someone's mother-in-law, meddled her graying hair and asked from her home across the street.

"Putting the drinks aside, the hair part is weird"

When I say that that mazoku was old, I'm talking older than... forget Wolfram, older than Conrad, and of course older than Gwendal. I estimated her age in about 250. The older lady continued sharply.

"A few days ago, the mason had smooth skin. His cheeks and chin, too. And yet, when I saw him just now, he had a very bushy beard. He looked like a completely different person."

"Uh... yeah, that was just his beard, his chin and cheek hair, and his sideburns and hair chest and neck hair that grew too fast."

"But look, you; he always said that just like he wouldn't give up to any stone until it was polished and shining, he would always have a smooth face. So to let his beard grow like that is strange. I don't think people change so suddenly."

The elderly woman's mouth made the shape of the character ^ and as her chin showed fine wrinkles, she asked with a tone in her voice as if she would have touched something ominous:

"So something has possessed him, hasn't it? What scary thing has possessed the mason's family?"

"The mason's family? Nika's family? But the daughter has nothing to do with this"

"It seems to have transferred to the daughter and also to the wife. That's because they all live together, so it's not strange that they all got possessed. Have you not noticed it? The daughter might have gotten possessed even before the mason. I mean, with the way she looks...."

No matter what world, people determine other people's personality by what they're wearing. Even I felt like that a little bit, but this old woman was terrible. I'm amazed she would say that in front of the girl herself.

However, Nika was calm about it. It's not like I'm praising her, but even though I was prepared for her to say something like 'you old hag', she swallowed her words and didn't say anything. Her attitude was much better than that woman's.

"There's no one around here like her, you know? A kid with those clothes, looking like a bird. There's something weird about her, and there's something coming out of her belly button. If that was a proper military house, something

like that would never happen. I thought it was simply because she was the child of a craftsman, but no, it seems something has possessed the people in that house. Ah, so scary! I won't let my grandson play with her. Well, see you later, get well Nika."

I was really close to shouting 'Fine! Cuz I won't let my child play with yours anyways!'; but in that moment, as quickly as boiling water, a voice was raised to speak to the disagreeable woman.

"My fathers will exorcise it!!!"

"Ah, Greta"

But Greta's grating voice couldn't be stopped^[3]. With both fists clenched next to her thighs, the girl continued speaking in an angry tone.

"My fathers, the pichi-pichi subordinate, and Poison Lady Anissina, will exorcise the devil possessing Nika's father and get rid of it!"

Ah... she said it..... Wolf and I let out a small sigh.

"But Nika has nothing to do with this. Nika has always been like this. I know that because I'm her friend!"

However by doing that, the fact that something was wrong with Nika's father would not just be spread among the nearest neighbors, but across the whole city. You must never underestimate the gossip-housewives NETWORK. If there's no water well, they'll gather in front of a telephone pole. The meetings take place anywhere and at anytime.

On the other hand, even if she was only a girl, who still had a long way before becoming a grown lady, she didn't hold her tongue. Outraged, sharp words flowed out of Greta's lips

"Because in Shin Makoku, Greta's fathers dispute the first and second place as majutsu users! Huh! Furthermore, Anissina-san is this country's only Poison Lady, while everyone else is still just PoorSoil Ladies and Pottery Ladies! Huh! That's because if you don't go through the two-stage evolution you can't be a Poison Lady, huh!^[4]"

It was my first time hearing that.

"That's the sort of amazing people that are here! My fathers will exorcise the devil out of Nika's house completely! You can stay and look! Their majutsu is much more powerful than those hanging vegetables and salmon you have; they'll exorcise everything. You just stay and see! Isn't that right, fathers?"

"Yeah.... ah, ah... well that's"

Sadly I gave in, at that moment I couldn't refuse.

It was impossible.

But the devil, this being that no one believed in, how was I supposed to exorcise it? Even if it was something else.... even if it was a fox, a raccoon, or a black pig that had possessed him, I, who cannot even control my maryoku, can't do anything about it. No, wait, calm down, calm down.... I'm telling you in this world there are no spirit animals that possess people.

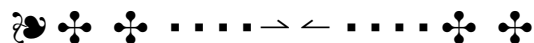
"But Greta"

"You'll save Nika's house, won't you? Father"

"..... Yes"

There isn't a Japanese person who would say NO to their cute daughter's request.

For some reason, Wolfram who's standing behind me mutters in a voice as soft as a sigh "so much alike". What is he talking about?



Public exorcism.

It has a frightening echo when it comes out of one's mouth, but the meaning is not eerie. After all an EXORCISM is.....

"Let's put on a good show"

We were there very perplexed before the drunk werewolf who was sleeping like a log. There wasn't any sign that Nika's Father, who was walking and looking

like a woolly crab before, would now wake up even if we were to hit him or shake him. He was literally sleeping like a log.

Two young soldiers carried him to the bedroom. Squatting by the bedside was his wife looking at him. Even if I asked questions to get some more information, she just shook her head while crying.

We couldn't make any progress like that.

In front of a lot of people, the problem with Nika's household was said to be fixed soon. It wasn't me, but my daughter who told the entire neighborhood 'The devil will be completely, absolutely exorcised'. And I agreed to it.

And since I agreed, I have no other option but to do it. A promise to Greta is heavier than the moon.

The problem is that, after telling the neighborhood that Nika's household problems would be fixed and convinced them of that, now I don't know what I should do. To put it simply, this werewolf who's fast asleep before me, has to be returned to its original form as Nika's father, and then he can apologize to everyone for the trouble he caused.

However looking at how fast asleep he is, that can't happen for the time being.

And that's why, as a last resort, I decided the public exorcism strategy.

"But you see because Shin Makoku has a different religion than the ones on Earth, and even if they don't believe in the devil, evil spirits, foxes, other evil beings, or intelligent life from outer space, they all think that something strange has possessed Nika's father, right? So it'll be best if we do a big exorcism. By the way, it's okay if we let everyone watch the exorcism, right? "

Anissina-san looked like she didn't agree.

"Even if you talk about a public exorcism, your Majesty; this man before my eyes doesn't appear to be possessed by the devil or an evil spirit."

Some light wrinkles appeared on her frown as she tilted her head.

"We're not certain if these symptoms don't have other causes. For example... that 『Hn, we can't possibly know if he wasn't born with two identities』"

"In other words, something like there's a different person in his BATTER BOX?"

"I do not know what what 'BOX' is, but if the meaning is that at any given moment it causes a sudden change, then the metaphor is correct. Rather than saying that an innate woolly crab identity has awoken, it would be best if a demon or evil spirit would have possessed him in the past few days, but I don't think that that would cause a transfiguration into werewolf"

Greta was comforting Nika's mother.

Conrad was flipping through the book that he himself had narrated.

Wolfram was kicking rolling liquor bottles, gathering them in the corner of the room. Although on the one hand he sleeps in audacious postures; on the other hand, he can also feel nervous at times.

The woolly crab is sleeping. Anissina's glancing at it.

"Thoughts cannot affect the body unless there's a great deal of belief in them. When skilled soldiers get a new commanding officer, they don't listen to his instructions obediently, right? People's bodies are the same. When listening to the voice of someone fresh off the farm, they cannot undergo such a change."

"I think so, too. However, everyone in the neighborhood thinks that something has possessed Nika's father"

The wife's sobs became louder. Crap, we might have given her a final blow.

"Then how should we explain this to the neighbors? We don't have any evidence at the moment. If we just tell them that there's no devil or evil spirit, without any evidence, it will sound unconvincing. That's why I'm wondering if it wouldn't be best to have an enormous ritual, that shows the removal of the so called devil with a big bang in front of everyone. If we do it in front of everyone, we'll be able to tame.... no, I mean, make everyone believe it, right?"

"It makes sense"

Only for today, Lady von Karbelnikoff is willing to listen to my words.

"And how are you planning to exorcise this invisible being called the devil?"

"As I said, we'll do it with a play!"

I almost clapped my hands together like Cherie-sama would. When Wolfram heard my voice, he lifted his face.

"If you want it to look real, it'd be best if the performance shows the devil coming out of the body. That sleeping father over there is useless, you need someone to act his part, you know?"

"Well, that's quite an interesting plan"

"Isn't it? Fortunately since there are lots of tools here, there's someone on STAND BYE that can play the role of the Catholic priest "

I'm not sure if the person that was being pointed at, Conrad, was a priest or a cleric while he was on Earth, but he was wearing priest-like clothing that were borrowed from Günter's room at the time. It was covered in green puke.

"..... I'll have the role of the priest?"

"It's just that in those clothes, you can't play the devil"

He may not look like an incorruptible servant of God, but at least he looks better than in that JERSEY that's too small for him. Since, regardless of what he's wearing, the uniform or something else, he has an enviable appearance, he looks like a handsome priest. Actually, if this priest was there, confession time would be packed with female believers.

While looking at the sleeping werewolf, Anissina asked outspokenly:

"Then, what about the role of the patient?"

"Of course, I'll do that."

Someone uttered "Huh?", but I couldn't tell who.

"It's obvious I would be the one playing Santa Claus, ogre, Namahage, or any other fictitious father-figures of Japanese households. Since playing SANTA is PAPA's job, then obviously it's also PAPA's job to play SATAN."

"Wait, if it's a father's job, then I... "

Wolfram interrupted suddenly. It seems he was the one who said "Huh?" before.

I was expecting he'd say something like that, but I'm going to have to ignore his wishes, this one time. After all the MODEL, Nika's Father, is right now a hairy drunk that would throw up at any time. Furthermore, for some reason, the

mental picture I have of the devil is a goat.

Which means I couldn't CAST Lord von Bielefeld Wolfram, a pretty boy who looks like an angel, for that part.

I put both my hands on Wolfram's shoulders and looked right at him with a serious face:

"I'm sorry Wolf, but I can't let you play the role of the father"

"Why!?"

"You're the only one here who can't do it, because you have an important job"

When Lord von Bielefeld heard the words 'important job', the tone in his voice changed:

"And what is that important job?"

"Using 'Unpanman Kai' you'll be in charge of making the devil escape from the house"

I squeezed him tightly with both hands.

"Let the devil fly away in the shape of Unpanman Kai by using your maryoku, okay? The devil definitely has to fly away into the sky. If he runs away barefoot through the back door it would look weird, right? This is not Sazaesan."

"Sa, Sazaesan, who's that? Is it a man?"

"She's the stereotypical Japanese housewife"

In my head, I had already come up with the perfect plan. I was picturing the part where the audience broke out in applause. The MENTAL TRAINING was thorough.

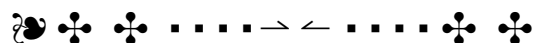
Conrad, playing the priest, would perform the rituals of exorcism, I would act violently, the expert in making GOODS, Anissina, would use her tools, I would act violently, I'll get splashed with holy water, I would act violently while vomiting, from my body the devil would come out, and then the devil would escape (which would actually be Unpanman kai, operated by Wolfram)

Perfect.

The only problem remaining was how to make sure that the audience didn't

realize the MAIN CHARACTER has been replaced.

Of course, I had already prepared a solution to that problem, too.



"Wai, wait a moment! This is completely different from the perfect strategy I had come up with!"

"Eh? Didn't you want to reproduce the EXORCIST perfectly?"

Lord Weller, squatting next to the BED, looked up at me when he heard my panicked voice. He was holding a ROPE in his hands.

"Of course, that's what I said, that's what I said, but this is all wrong"

"No, there's no mistake. It's written right here. When you try to pull the devil out of the victim's body, resistance is expected."

Said Anissina, who was right next to us preparing the stage for the play, while tapping a page in the book with her fingers.

"So, I'm sorry for the victim, but the freedom of the limbs will be temporarily...."

"That's why I'm telling you, you don't need to tie me to the bed"

"We also have some pictures here. Although they're pretty badly drawn"

"Indeed, this is pretty awful, huh? To use stick figures in this time and age"

"For the record, it wasn't me who drew that. Because not even I could take a psychic photograph of the scenery of a world that I haven't visited."

Lord Weller dropped his shoulders, dejected.

"Uwah, no way, Conrad!?Ah! No, I mean, it's okay, it's easy to understand, it's ideal to show the positional relationship between objects. But... there are no binding items, there aren't any."

"You're not being brave, Yourma • Jesty. Since you asked for an exact reproduction, you have to cooperate. Even more so because this is a production made on Earth, the place where Yourma • Jesty grew up, correct? And the proof

is that the person who returned from Earth told this story"

"Conrad, what did you watch? What sort of movie did you watch!?"

While strapping my wrists to the bed, the troublesome narrator, Conrad, said apologetically:

"I'm sorry, it wasn't a movie, it was the real thing."

"No way! This is not how it went in the one I saw in 'Afternoon Roadshow' !?"

For the role of the person getting the devil exorcised out of him, I was prepared to do something like the spider-walk down the stairs. However it was too rough to tie my hands and feet to the bed and be presented like this to the public. On top of that, right above me, they installed a huge mirror on the ceiling of the room. This was also the first time I was hearing about this, or actually, the first time I was seeing it.

Could it be that my knowledge about this was outdated?

"On the other hand, like this you can resist as much as you want and it won't be a problem"

"We're acting, right!? This is a play, okay!?"

"Then perform the best you can"

"It's impossible for me to do that! Not while I'm tied up like this!"

I was so happy that I didn't let Wolfram, who was making Unpanman Kai carry Greta around the setting, play this part. I didn't even think that the rituals of exorcism could be this dangerous.

"What I mean is that I'm worried about how we're going to trick the audience.... the neighbors's eyes. If they find out I'm a stuntman it would be bad. I was just thinking that if it's not too dark, and they won't be too far away, they might realize that I'm a STUNTMAN."

"Ah, from far away. That's a good idea, but how about if we don't show you at all?"

"That makes no sense... uwah!"

As soon as I finished saying that, the room became completely white. The light.

The light was so bright that it was dazzling. There was a window opposite to the wall.

"Uwah, so bright!? What's this, all of a sudden?"

"It's so that they won't see you directly, instead, they'll only see shadows!"

Said Anissina-san in a proud tone. Even though I can't see well because it's too bright, this light that makes any shape is her invention.

"Lord Weller called it, uh.. what was it? Shado (roadway), Shado puru (roadway pull)..."

"SHADOW PLAY....?"

In other words, human silhouettes. A sigh escaped me involuntarily. Which means, this strategy was a combo between Poison Lady and the returned from Earth. If Greta heard about this she'd be jealous for sure.

To avoid the light, I look towards the window; over there there was a piece of cloth working as a CURTAIN. It was true, like that they wouldn't be able to see my face, but the room would be clearly split in two. Nighttime is the optimal time to watch this...

"..... You like shadows huh....?"

"Yeah, well, I got a bit into it in Colorado"

"What kind of life did you lead in America?"

When I asked this, Conrad Weller replied with a beaming smile:

"The one of a VOLUNTEER, and such?"

I got a shady reply.

At any rate, even though I thought it was pretty rough to tie me to the bed, using a shadow play for the public exorcism, was a clever idea.

The neighbors would be able to watch a convincing ritual and the stuntman wouldn't be discovered. It made sense.

"In the exorcism that I witnessed"

The provider of Earth information stood up after he finished tying up my left

leg.

"The priest read the bible, performed the ritual, he confined the devil to that mirror over there, broke a window and threw the mirror out of the house. Of course, the mirror was shattered"

"So what happened with the devil? Did it disappear?"

"They said he returned to hell, but in this world there's no concept of hell...."

"Then, what should I do?"

I know well that it's a fake show, that I'm a stuntman. But this is a big production, and even though I was the one who came up with the idea, I was feeling a little anxious. Regardless of what I was thinking, I wasn't going to quit.

"It's okay"

Conrad took out a big book that looked just like a bible and put it under his arm, smiling. The words of someone in a priest suit are powerful.

"You don't have the devil in you"

"Well, that's true but"

Anissina-san adjusted the light and called the young soldiers.

"Once his Majesty finishes his performance and Unpanman Kai has left, we'll have to show the neighbors the owner of the house that was possessed. Of course he'll remain passed out as he is right now, because he has just experienced a great ritual. It's perfectly fine for him to be exhausted after getting the devil out of him. But..."

Two soldiers were assigned to take Nika's father out of the room. It seems he's pretty heavy.

"As proof that the mason has been returned to his original state, it's important that his body is clean. From now on, please make sure to bathe him, shave off all his hair, and return with his whole body sparkly clean. If you use my trusty 'Young Hair-Remover-Chan', you'll be able to remove even the more stubborn body hair in one go! He'll be free of any undesirable hair and stubble until tomorrow. Ah, over there is this man's wife and child. But don't worry. Now let's go, let's go, curly-haired young soldiers, get busy, get busy!"

Contrary to the fired up Anissina, for some reason Conrad had a sad look on his face. Could he be remembering the tragedy of Dacascos?

"I was just thinking, why would hair grow all of a sudden? Maybe there's a reason for that?"

"Rather than this being a case like that of Mr. Hyde, chest hair is a very manly thing! Maybe he was following some life ideals?"

Where's the scientist here? Where is he? And I don't remember him being violent. But, because of Nika's father's sudden personality change, he couldn't calm down.

The young soldiers lost their balance and hit the body they were carrying, against the door frame. The impact woke him up.

".....out....?"

Eh?

Startled, everyone listen carefully.

"Did it come out?"

"What?"

The one replying quickly with a question was Anissina. She didn't understand, but she wasn't afraid either.

"That!"

"What is that? Speak clearly. You have foolishly been taken over by another identity within you, and I have been working free of charge to save your inconvenienced family. Nevertheless, the person in question, you, got so drunk you couldn't even walk on your own. If your consciousness has returned, then stand up straight, and please sit over there. I have a ton of things to say to you."

The question had become a sermon. Was she trying to provoke him? Nika's father shook off the young soldiers's arms and stood up straight on his own.

Unbelievable, he was just so drunk he had lost consciousness.

"I asked if 'that thing' came out!"

The words are coming from the mason's mouth, but it sounds as if he was a

completely different person.

"What is 'that thing'? "

I asked flapping my only loose right leg, because I couldn't understand what he meant. It's not like I expected Nika's father himself to reply, but he turned his half-turned-into-werewolf face covered in hair and said:

"The bear!"

"B, Bear!?"

"Ahhhh"

As soon as I turned to see the upset woman who was at the entrance of the room, Nika's mother, the mason's wife, burst into tears. Covering her face with both hands, she bowed down to the floor, crying.

"What happened lady? Or rather, Greta, it's not time yet, you shouldn't be here!"

Next to the panicked woman was of course Nika, her daughter, but also Greta holding Wolfram's hand.

"Yuu..... father!"

"Wah, Greta! We're in the middle of a ritual here, there's nothing to be learned here so please just wait outside"

But I was not able to predict what Greta would do next. In an instant, her eyes sparkled and she came running to the side of the bed. Nika's father was simply ignored.

"Yuuri, so cool!"

"Eh? HUH?"

"You fell into a trap, right? No, wait, it wasn't that. It was a trap for the devil and you became bait, right?"

"Ah, no, this is..."

"Is that so Yuuri? I see, that's quite an astonishing self-sacrificing spirit."

I was about to say 'No, that favorable interpretation is a bit off', but seeing

how even Wolfram was in a good mood, I skipped the explanation.

"When I grow up and become a Trap Woman, will you also become bait for me?"

"Of course he will, Greta. If it's something you ask for, he will gladly do it for you."

"Don't decide that on your own, or rather... didn't you just say my name? "

"You will do it, right, father?"

"..... Yes."

Once again, a Japanese person cannot say NO to their cute daughter's request.

Yeah, well, there's still a lot of time before that.

"More importantly, Nika's mother.... don't tell me she started crying when she saw me?"

The mason's wife was still crying on the floor. The daughter wearing flashy clothes, squatted next to her mother and rubbed her back softly. Her hand move gently.

The lady lifted her face covered in tears.

"It's my fault. I'm so sorry, it's my fault."

"What are you talking about, motha?"

"It's true, Nika"

"What do you mean by that, missus? Excuse the way I look, but won't you share what happened with us?"

Meanwhile, Conrad was undoing the ropes around my wrists. So as to not disappoint Greta, the one on my leg stayed there. Finally, I was able to sit up.

"It was my fault, because I told him..... well, to become more manly.... that I wanted him to be more manly.... "

What the heck? Manliness, saying YES, chest hair. This one woman had such ideals? Was an instant hair growing lotion used? And despite that, the woman's tears had quite an unexpected effect.

Nika's father looking like a werewolf (at the time, a different identity was inside) looked puzzled by the tears before him. While staring at his wife and daughter, he didn't move an inch. He also forgot to keep asking if the bear was here.

You can do it, missus.

"My husband, my husband didn't drink and also had no beard, his body hair was completely shaved off, his arms weren't strong, of course he had first-class arms for a craftsman, but they weren't very manly, he even said he thought so himself. That's why our daughter hated him."

I think that came off wrong, what she meant to say is that unfortunately, they couldn't understand the feelings of their teenage daughter. But it doesn't matter if a father is all clean and tidy and with smooth skin or not.

In my case, I think that my problem isn't so much not being manly, but being smelly. At home, mom, the only woman, loves and is always using disinfectant spray. Because of the 3 males that live with her, the house always smells like a locker room, so she's uses disinfectant spray all the time to get rid of the smell.

So I think that it's not that I'm an unmanly father, but the bad part about me is the locker room smell that I give off immediately after extracurricular activities.

But I don't think that an unmanly father has that ugly part of smelling like a locker room immediately after extracurricular activities. In fact, a girl should love a father who is clean and smells like soap, right?

"But, you know? I think that Nika acting like she hates her father is simply part of her rebellious age. So, you know... ? What's up with his hair growing so quickly?"

"No, you're wrong. As I said before, it was I who recommended it. Although it was a shady acquaintance, 'my husband's business partner's neighbor's friend's business colleague's son-in-law's dog' friend, (I) met the travelling fortune-teller."

"Even though he's a 'dog friend', it talked to an unknown travelling fortune teller!?"

"Is the man a friend of your neighbors's relatives?"

"Fortune telling!? A Poison Lady can do that!"

"Everyone's good at what they do^[5]"

Said Conrad to counter the tsukomi of us three.

However what's up with the connection to that person? It doesn't sound like you could trust them at all.

"But the fortune teller said that it would release that person's inner essence. So my husband would become in personality and appearance as he wished, and as a father, he'd be respected by his daughter....."

"Motha, when it comes to fatha, Imma really don't..."

"No, Nika. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Momma knew that you don't hate papa. Momma knew. But papa was feeling so dejected, that I told papa about the fortune-teller's way of making a harmonious home. It is momma's fault for meeting that fortune teller."

On Earth, this is the typical SPIRITUAL commerce law victim.

Anissina, listening to the woman's relatively common story, opened her mouth with a stern look on her face.

"So, that fortune-teller used some suspicious majutsu and your husband turned into a werewolf?"

"No, it wasn't majutstu. I went to a tavern outside the town along with my husband, and we met them there, but it wasn't majutsu. Because that fortune-teller was a human."

"Human!?"

Panicked, Wolf and I raised out voices involuntarily. Don't say careless things. You have to use caution when you critizcise or blame someone. After all, Greta was there.

"A human.... so that means he had houryoku, right? And by using houryoku he turned this mason into a werewolf. But I wonder what sort of houryoku that was? Theriomorphosis is a rather interesti.... sinister magic, but that doesn't mean I haven't heard of it"

The lady finally wiped her tears with the piece of cloth that her daughter handed to her. But Nika, those are the CURTAINS.

"Theriomorphosis? You mean turning into animals? The fortune-teller didn't say anything like that. He just did like this, and grabbed his head with his hands. and said he would release his dee... deepest level of consciousness, the true identity that was hiding within him. "

"If so, then the father's true nature is a werewolf?"

"No, you're wrong."

I was sorry to have interrupted missus tears, but it was an opportunity to get a straightforward answer.

At any rate, Nika's father who was stunned and watching everyone (it was the husband's other identity) was wide awake.

"It's not a werewolf!"

"Then, what is it?"

"A bear"

It sounded like a roar of war. Nika's father looked at the ceiling, and yelled in a way that echoed throughout the entire neighborhood:

"BEAAAARRRR!!!!"

Everyone in the room instinctively covered their ears. I was really glad that both of my hands were free at the time. But there were also people who were affected by the 'roaring' attack.

With strangely good timing, the house's door was opened and the neighbor came in. The eardrum of the neighbor who was at the door, trembled with the loud exclamation. They were going 'ouch ouch' while touching their ears.

But the audience immediately noticed something, and pointed with their index finger that had just been in their ears, towards the werewolf.

"Hey, you!"

It was us who should be saying , hey you!

It was the mother-in-law old lady that lived across the street. That lady that

had been so disagreeable towards Nika and us, why was she there ?

"Watcha want, grandma? Did you come to borrow some soy sauce?"

"It's not that. Since this is a problem in a military neighborhood, it has nothing to do with you, people. And what's SO-Y SA-U-CE? Is it a drink? Is it good? At any rate, why is your leg tied to the bed? Ah, although, it doesn't really matter."

With feet that were even faster than her mouth, she walked into the room without permission. I had a feeling she knew the house opposite to hers very well.

"Ever since I said, Nika-chan get well, I've been thinking if there was something I could do to help"

"Eh?"

"We help each other when in trouble, that's what neighbors are for"

"Grandma....."

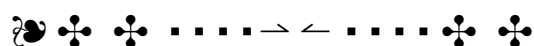
The lady from across the street frowned and with an expression you don't see in 'good guys' she shook her right hand.

"Ah, but I won't let my grandson play here yet. B-b-b-but more importantly you "

She pointed again at Nika's father.

"You, aren't you that guy, Bear-Loving Grandpa, who really likes bears?"

Who's that?



The grandma with all the questions, started to warm up to her old acquaintance, the Bear-Loving Grandpa.

Maybe it was the peculiar courage that old women have, but she approached the man turned to wolf unconcerned and touched his arm in an overly-familiar manner.

"Looking at you from a distance, I wasn't sure, but that voice, that roar: "BEAAAAAAR" towards the sky. To become more like a bear, finally it seems that

your wish has come true in the form of all that fur."

She pulled the werewolf's bushy beard.

"Ah"

"Aaaahh!"

It came off. Or rather it got peeled off. Wait, it wasn't full-body hair growth, but full-body hair extensions?

"You go to the mountains to drink liquor and puke green because you eat wild plants. You're weak against female tears, but you wipe them and quickly forgot about them. There's no doubt, you are Bear-Loving Grandpa, right? Yeah, no matter how I look at this you have to be Bear-Loving Grandpa who really loves bears, yup."

I'll ask again, who's this Bear-Loving Grandpa?

"He was a grandpa who lived here when I was a kid. He was quite a weirdo, you know? At any rate, he would go to the mountains to hunt bears, or rather, he pretty much lived in the mountains."

"Even though he loved them so much, he would hunt bears!?"

"What grandpa liked, was to fight bears."

He was a matagi! (hunter) There's no doubt about it, he's one of Shin Makoku's matagis!

"Furthermore, he didn't use arrows or axes. Fighting body to body and flipping bears up in the air was his purpose in life."

It's a Sumo Bear. Although the Bolshoi Circus is rarely seen nowadays, there was a sumo bear right there.

But why did this entity of a bear-fighting man from the mountains enter Nika's father? It seems that the old lady wondered the same thing.

"But why did this house's mason become the Bear-Loving Grandpa? Or rather who's Bear-Loving Grandpa?

"He passed away"

The wife, in other words, Nika's mother, let out a small sigh and continued

speaking timidly.

"About a year before my husband was born, he died in the mountains when he was hunting. Although he was already very old."

As soon as she heard that, Anissina quickly looked away and clicked her fingers. She must have realized what happened, and called Lord Weller and Lord von Bielefeld.

What are those three talking about! I wanna know too! But when I tried to approached them I realized I couldn't move because I was tied to the bed.

Since I couldn't do anything about it , I joined the conversation between the two women. At this point the topic was the connection between the grampa and Nika's father.

"He's even saying the same words " BEEAAAAR"

"Missus, you must know about this. About the mason's distant relatives?"

"..... My husband is the great-grandson of Bear-Loving Grandpa."

"Oh my"

Since it seems that it was the first time the old lady from across the street heard about this, she looked greatly surprised.

"Then, the spirit of the grandpa must have possessed the mason, right!?"

"Wait! But why did that happen !?"

Inadvertently I stopped myself and started asking myself that question. Why? Why?

"There isn't any other explanation. The mason that lives here wasn't possessed by that evil spirit you called DEVIL, but by the spirit of someone who used to live here a long time ago, Bear-Loving Grandpa."

"To be precise, we're not talking about possessions and such. In this world, there aren't devils or evil spirits...."

"Why~? Why did something like that happen? Say, tell me. Why did that Bear-Loving Grandpa possess his great grandson, the mason? Tell~ me~."

The lady from across the street looked convinced already. In that way we

didn't have to explain that with unfamiliar words like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, multiple personality disorder and such.

"Knowing this you mustn't be afraid. You don't need to exorcise anything. Bear-Loving Grandpa is a weirdo, but he's not violent towards women and children. Listen, come here, so until Bear-Lover tells the missus and Nika-chan that he's leaving, it's best if you let him borrow the mason's body for a while. I'll tell the neighbors about it. If they know that it's the Bear-Loving Grandpa who lived here a long time ago, they'll understand."

Whether it was from the SHOCK of finding out his real identity, or because the grandma was a person who set her own pace, the lady from across the street patted the werewolf's hairy cheek softly and left the room as quickly as she had entered it.

Good grief, if it was an old acquaintance you should have said so sooner. If you would have done so, people wouldn't have had to hang vegetables that the DEVIL or evil spirits fear on their door frames and they could have boiled them to make a delicious dinner.

"Hey..... those 3 people talking over there"

All three said 'Yes?' and turned around at the same time.

"What conclusion did you come to? Tell me everything"

"Well, of course. As I heard when the mason had been born, and when the Bear-Lover died, I thought of something." (lit: something made 'pin!' in my head)

Conrad cleared his throat and said:

"After talking the devil's ear out, we came to the conclusion that it's not the devil nor an evil spirit, but maybe it's his previous life...."

For a few seconds after hearing it, my mouth was hanging open. I asked again to confirm.

"Sorry, I stopped listening after the pun. Could you say that again?"

"He said the mason was in his previous life 'Kumasukaya' who loved bears so much!"

Continuing the puns, this time the name was changed for a girl's name. But forget about that, the one who had said that was Wolfram, with his arms folded before him^[6].

Nika's father was Bear-Loving Grandpa in his past life.

"That's why I'm saying Wolf, haven't I always been told that when it comes to one's previous life that is already over?"

"Listen Yuuri. It may be over but the lion still dances^[7]. Once a person dies, their soul is purified in a particular place and they come back to the world as a new life, and are born. So naturally, everyone has previous lives. But there's no way they can remember them. That's what the people of Shin Makoku believe. You, as the king of the mazoku, should at least know this much"

"Well, I did know but...."

But it's impossible to tell me, a high-school student who doesn't believe in the OCCULT, about SPIRITUAL things like previous lives, the RECYCLING of souls, and being reborn, and expect me to accept it right away. I can't do it. Because I've lived my 16 years thinking this was a once in a lifetime chance, a single pitch soul, a one time at the bat, one hit kind of deal.

"According to what the wife said, the human fortune teller used houryoku, so I'm guessing that when that key was used, the previous lives might have leaked. Ah! Since it even changed his physical appearance it's not only a little leak. It's a flood, the poor victim is being dominated by an overflow of memories of his past lives."

Along with the exaggerated gestures attached to her explanation, Anissina-san was smiling. The Poison Lady was almost excited, maybe the street rumors about her are true?

"Okay, all right, so what do we do to fix that huge flood of previous lives memories? What should we do to make Nika's father come back? Ah, I mean, I personally I don't hate Bear Lover-san or anything like that, but"

"Don't worry. Even in a matter like this, I have an idea"

It looked like it was time for Anissina to introduce us to a new invention, the clean nail of her index finger rose.

"It's a good thing he's tied up"

"In short, since he liked fighting bears so much, we have to eliminate all the memories of Bear Loving Grandpa. If he has no regrets in this world, the memories of the previous owner of the soul should 1, 2, 3, POKON! disappear. What was it that you called it on the planet where his Majesty was born? Eh... that's right, JOBS?"

"It's not JOB, its called jobutsu (entering Nirvana). Indeed, that's a legitimate opinion, but what should we do about the bear? In this developed residential area, there's no way they allow baby bears as PETS, don't.... you..."

At that moment a scream came from the darkness outside the house. Since the time when housewives and children are active had passed, there were also lots of screams from men returning home from work.

At the same time, the running footsteps and roar of something like an animal was heard.

"Co, Conrad, is something going on outside?"

"It seems that something has appeared, right?"

"Wh... whut, what is it?"

"Wait a second Yuuri. You over there, tell the neighbors who are outside to return to their homes, and have them lock the door"

Once he finished giving the young soldiers their instructions, Lord Weller loosened the collar of his priest outfit with his index finger and grabbed the sword leaning against the table.

A rather troubled priest.

"I won't say that I want to check this with my own eyes, but perhaps"

"Perhaps what?"

"Perhaps is the bear"

He wasn't talking about bearbees or sand bears, but the type that lives in the mountains with sharp claws and fangs? The type that likes nuts and honey, but that occasionally also catches and eats salmon, a bona fide bear?

"That's stupid, for a bear to have such good TIMING that he would come down the mountain is....."

"Maybe he was attracted by the chestnuts, salmon, and the beehive full of honey?"

"possible..... that's why they shouldn't use those strange talismans![\[8\]](#)"

Bear-Lover (Nika's dad in the flesh) was crying of joy.

"BEEEEEEEEAAAAAAR"

"Crap! Crap I say, Conrad! We have to hurry up and hide or run away!"

"Of course, I'm willing to pick you up and run, but.... is that okay? You made a promise to Greta, right?"

I hate that he's smiling so refreshingly even in a moment like this. On the other hand, Wolfram who had helped evacuate Nika and her mother was returning in high spirits.

He seemed to be happy about something.

"Don't worry Yuuri, I'm with you. I won't let the bear eat you."

"Eh, wai, it's a man-eating bear!? Or rather Wolf, don't say you'll stay with me and untie my leg instead! Cut the rope, hurry!"

"BEEEEEEEEAAAAAAR"

"Eh? But you promised Greta. You said you'd be a trap woman's bait"

That's two completely different things!!!

"Wait, wait, if Bear-Lover-san is pleased and he can enter Nirvana, then Nika's dad would return to being the mason, and then who's going to return the bear to the mountains? Or rather, the opponent is a bear!! It's a wild beast, and you need to be careful!!"

Poison Lady smiled fearlessly.

"Oh my, have you forgotten already, Yourma •Jesty? You don't need to rely on Bear-Lover when the Red Matagi is right here, don't you think? Also Greta, the winner of Shin Makoku's Trap Lady Competition, young girls division, is here as well"

Next to the Red Matagi, the Trap Lady trainee had a cute smile on her face.

What sort of competition was that!? Furthermore, when did Greta become the national CHAMPION!?

The mason father dominated by the Bear-Lover who liked bears so much, looked up to the ceiling and yelled

"BEEEEEEAAAAAAAAR"

The end

of

Do you want an exorcism?

Takabayashi x GEG[[edit](#)]

business trip version

Vox terra, vox daemon

The author of the novels and the editor yapping about is a 'vox terra, vox daemon' (because of the mazoku), rather than a 'vox populi, vox dei'^[9]. This talk is about the reality of this FICTION (shortened below).

Editor GEG (GEG from here on): "Eh? What the heck was that? That's how it ends?"

Takabayashi Tomo (Takabayashi from here on): "Aahhhhh... you said

it.....!!!!Eh? Uhhhmm.... uhmmm.... Newtype Romance readers, hello, how are you? This is the author of the novels of " Kyou Kara maou!" Takabayashi Tomo. For reading this short story " Do you want an exorcism?" I really want to say thank (you)" (ari-----gato))

GEG: "A short story (ari/ant) is about 10 pages, right? But this one is a grasshopper of around 20 pages, but it's okay, because you split it in two parts, but that's how it ends? With Bear-Lover's roar!?"

Takabayashi: "Tsk, GEG please don't speak too much. If the readers start reading here, didn't you just spoil the content?"

GEG: "I don't care about spoilers or whatever. The story sounds as if it hasn't started yet!? Is it my imagination!?"

Takabayashi: "GEG calm down. I started the story properly, it's just that I couldn't think on how to deliver the punch line " (there's a pun here with calming down and punchline)

GEG: "I don't want to hear a dad joke that's as bad as the second son's."

Takabayashi: "It's not a dad joke!"

GEG: "Actually, what are you going to do? No matter how I look at this, it sounds as if it needs a continuation, right? "

Takabayashi: "Uh, yeah. I admit that I thought about writing one more page, but without realizing it I had gotten to the last page" (she could write for the publication in Newtype)

GEG: "You made a mistake with the PACE?"

Takabayashi: "It's difficult to calculate for a magazine. There's a page limit."

GEG: "Tsk (tongue click) You really are not a suitable writer for publications in magazines!"

Takabayashi: ".....Gaaaaa.... n..... (depressed) If my editor says something like that....."

GEG: "It's because I'm the editor in charge, that I have to point it out with heart and soul. And actually last time, and this time again you said the same thing 'There weren't enough pages' but even if you have some freedom with the

newly written stories when it comes to the page setup, you're always crying saying 'I made the story short, short, and it's all crammed' don't you? Within Beans Bunko, you're probably the author that releases volumes with the least amount of pages on average, and even so, you can't manage to finish the volumes for the main novels of the series"

Takabayashi: "My ears, it hurts, it hurts! Why do you have to abuse me in such a confusing way saying so many things (cries). You explode like a vertical column of water. Uwahn I'm a bad girl"

GEG: "Personally, in the issue that was published last time, part 1, I was really curious about that glimpse we got of a new personality (?) of his majesty...."

Takabayashi: "Ah, that guy that sounded like an 'Ue-sama Kai'? Yeah, he was supposed to show up in part 2."

GEG: "Then, don't finish it this time with his majesty tied to a bed in a play!!!!"

Takabayashi: "It's not a play~ Waaaaaahnnn~, for the story this time, I had some digestion problems but next time (ehen!?), I want to talk about this in a bit more in detail"

GEG: "For the time being there's that. The other world's soul RECYCLING SYSTEM. The previous owner of the soul dies→ from there the closest relative to be born (they enter the mother's stomach almost at the same time they die), will be the next person to use the soul. That's the rule, right?"

Takabayashi: "Basically, yes. But in Shibuya's case, due to Shinou's active intervention, his soul wasn't recycled right away. The Second Son took it with him to earth in a bottle, and he wandered about with it for a while."

GEG: "And that's why there are several years of difference between Susanna Julia's death and Yuuri's birth, right?"

Takabayashi: "That's right. Well, Murata (who derived from Daikenja) who was already on Earth, was also bottled for a long time."

GEG: "I see. Compared with before, lately there's a lot of information coming to light, but when will the mysterious whole picture be clear?"

Takabayashi: "Well, I'm on track with that. And it will come out in the novels...."

maybe?"

GEG: "Then, when will the next novel be published? I'm waiting for Takabayashi's 'Behind Us is the Stone Ma!Wall!' "

Takabayashi: "Very soon!"

References[[edit](#)]

1. [↑](#) Difference between ethnicity and race:
http://www.diffen.com/difference/Ethnicity_vs_Race
2. [↑](#) Puns, puns, puns: In Japanese road is do-ro; and in bastardized English it's ro-do. So: Rodo/Doro.
3. [↑](#) Pun: "Greta ga kireta", Greta's 'cutting' couldn't be stopped.
4. [↑](#) She sounds a lot like angry Wolfram here.
5. [↑](#) This is from a poem by Misuzu Kaneko,
(https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Misuzu_Kaneko) where she talks about birds flying and bells ringing, but she herself can't fly or sing like a bell. And then she says that individually everyone's good at what they do. By this she means that in the real world, societies have a hard time appreciating people's diversity.
6. [↑](#) Kumasuki roujin was the Japanese pronunciation of 'Bear-Loving Grandpa'; and Kumasukaya is what Wolf said.
7. [↑](#) Oshimaidarou ga shishimai darou ga; a pun.
8. [↑](#) This and the sentence before this by Yuuri were connected beautifully in Japanese. First, he was saying it was stupid to think a bear would have such good timing, and that there was no way that would happen, but the sentence gets interrupted by Conrad giving arguments as to why that could happen before Yuuri finishes with the negative particle, so Yuuri continues the sentence in the affirmative, but then he turns the affirmative (da), in another word, "that's why" (dakara). It was beautiful.

9. [↑](#) 'vox populi, vox dei ' means: the people's voice is the voice of God. And
'vox terra, vox daemon' means: the voice of earthlings is the voice of demons